

THE
H E I R
OF
MOROCCO,
WITH THE

Death of Gayland.

Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL.

By E. S E T T L E.

*Rectius Iliacum Carmen deducis in Actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus. Hor.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for William Cademan at the Popes Head in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1682.

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Having obtained a licence to perform in Africa,
Gives a perfect and authentic picture. Hon.

L O N D O N

Printed by William Cadogan at the Press in Pall Mall, 1784.
at the Sign of the Three Kings, 1784.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY
HENRIETTA WENTWORTH,
BARONESS OF
NETTLESTED.

MADAM,

I Ought to beg your Ladyships Pardon, when I lay so inconsiderable a Trifle as a Play at your Ladyships Feet; the access to so much Divinity being that difficult awful Blessing, that nothing mean or unballowed should dare to aspire to. Yet Greatness and Beauty, whatever Arms they may strike into all other Adorers, are not defended from the bold Devotions of Poetry: For such is the Poets Presumption, that they have so long convers'd with Princesses in Effigie, till they have borrowed their Ambition from the Heroes they write, and their Confidence from the Stage that represents them.

'Tis true, we live in an Age so Critical and so severe,

were, that the *Muses melancholy Groves* grow every day more desolate, and even their softest Ayres to the late untunable Ears sound harsh and unpleasant; poor Poetry being so maliciously persecuted, that nothing but the Patronage of a Great Name can give it a Pass, to go peaceably and unmolested: And in these Circumstances, Self-preservation and Security make our Boldness a little more excusable.

The poorest ragged Traveller that seeks a Shelter in a Storm, though under the Battlements of an Imperial Palace is not much to be blamed. This 'tis that makes Poetry always come into the World under the Umbrage of Quality, whilst Poets, like their blind Original, never venture abroad without a Guide. Nor can even the weakest Brother of the *Muses* fail, when Greatness and Beauty are at once its powerful Supporters. The Lady Henrietta's Name will prove a Charm against the sharpest Criticks. What Malice dares strike where so much Beauty shields? And indeed Wit can hope for no Success but when favored by the Fair; and 'tis by their Influence alone, the Poets, if ever, can be made immortal; who in return can but faintly pay their Tribute to a Power so favorable, since your Ladyship has a far greater Title to be Eternal in the Records of Fame, from the vast

merits

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Merits of your Illustrious Ancestors, than all the Poetry since the World began can make you.

The Famous Earl of Cleveland, and the no less Famous Lord Wentworth, both Generals under our late Sacred Majesty, are those never-to-be-forgotten Heroes, that whilst the World shall have an Ear, and Wonder a Tongue, shall never want a Name: Worthies of that generous Zeal, and indefatigable Allegiance, till they drain'd their Estates so low, that the fought even to the Nakedness of a Gladiator. Their Loyalty, and the Service of their King, being not only their Study, but their Religion; insomuch, that like him that resigns his Share in the World for an Interest in Heaven, they were so little dejected even at Ruine it self, when in a Cause so Glorious, that they bore the very Pouerty of Philolophers with the Pride of Triumphers and the Pleasure of Martyrs: And to attain the highest Character of Perfection that Humanity ever reacht, with the Bravery and Courage of an Alexander, they had the Peace and Content of a Diogenes.

But their Honorable Losses your Ladyships kinder Stars have amply repaid: And all those Debts of Providence those Loyal Sufferers did not live long enough to receive; their Arrears of Glory, are in your Ladyships

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ships compleater Happiness entail'd on their Posterity. The Lady Henrietta has a Person and a Mind so richly endowed, and to these that Prodigious Mass of Worldly Blessings, as if Providence had studied to adde new Ornaments to Her, whose Birth, Charms and Vertues in themselves alone, render'd her a Beauty inaccessible. So just it is, that such Infinite Perfections should be no little Care of Heaven, that are so great a part of it. But in the strange and prosperous Recovery of your Ladyships exhausted Patrimonies, the unexampled Industry of the Lady Philadelphia, your Ladyships pious Mother, to her immortal praise, will never be forgotten. When Fate, by a too early Stroke, had rob'd her of her dear Lord, she stept into a Seat so strangely demolish'd, beheld those Ruines of an Estate where the Thunder of the War had made the Desolation so low, and the Breaches so wide, that the frightful Prospect would have daunted a more than Female Spirit: where all hopes of Re-building would appear an Attempt altogether impossible. Yet that Attempt the bolder Lady Philadelphia resolv'd and finish'd; stemm'd all the adverse Tides of Fortune, to gather up her Family's Shipwrecks; and with that incredible Pains, and no less wonderful Success, that she
has

The Epistle Dedicatory.

~~Was~~ rather created than repaired an Estate; has miraculously beaped together an infinite Treasure with no less Toil than if she had labor'd in the Mine, and dig'd the very Oar that form'd it. Never was a losing Hand so ingeniously play'd, nor a last Stake so artfully managed. Her Happiness, her Love and Life were so lodged in her only Hopes, her fair young Darling Henrietta, that for her dear sake, to advance her growing promising Glory, she acted with a Zeal so vigorous, as if she had taken a Resolution even to out-do the Pelican.

And as your Ladyships Loyal Ancestors, those two memorable English Champions, are that shining Original, that Fame, when she paints any thing that's Heroick might for ever Copy from. So they are no less blest in an Heiress, whose Majestick Beauty to theirs, and her own Eternal Monument, might sit for a Britannia. Your Royal Godfather might very frankly and largely promise Wonders in the Lady Henrietta's Name: For 'twas impossible there should be any common Branch from a Stock so perfectly Illustrious. How then am I, beyond all measure, happy, thus Gloriously protected? methinks I look with Scorn upon the censorious World, and can desie my Enemies with as great Assurance as if I had the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Souls and Swords of those prodigious Heroes. And
'tis no small Pride to me, when I consider I am the
first of those many Writers to come that have attain-
ed the glorious Preferment of thus publicly writing
my self,

Madam,

Your LADYSHIPS most dutiful,
and most humbly devoted

Servant,

E. Settle.

A&ors

ACTORS NAMES.

Albuzeiden, King of Algiers.

Mr. Griffin:

Altomar, his Admiral,

Mr. Goodman.

Gayland,

Mr. Clerk

Meroin,

Mr. Perin.

Artemira, the King's Daughter,

Mrs. Cox.

Rosalin, *her Confident,*

Mrs.

Ishmael, a Friend of Meroin's,

Mr. Disney.

Mirvan, an Eunuch,

Mr. Saunders.

Morat,

Mr. Powell

Messengers, Envoy, Torturers, Executioners, Guards and Attendants,

PRO-

THE PARADOXES

How finely would the Sparks be catch'd in Day,
 Should a Whig-Poet write a Tory-Play?
 And you, possess'd with Rage before should send
 Your random Shot abroad, and maul a Friend:
 For you, we find, too often hiss or clap,
 Just as you live, speak, think, and fight, by hap.
 And Poets, we all know, can change like you,
 And are alone to their own Interest true:
 Can write against all Sense, nay even their own;
 The Vehicle, call'd Pension makes it down.
 No fear of Cudgells where there's hope of Bread:
 A well-fill'd Panch forgets a broken Head.
 But our dull Fop on every side is damn'd:
 He has his Play with Love, and Honor cram'd.
 Rot your Old fashion'd Heroe in Romance,
 Who in a Lady's Quarrel breaks a Lance.
 Give us the modish Feat of Honor done,
 With Eighteen well-chew'd Bullets in one Gun.
 Charg'd but with Eighteen Bullets did I say?
 Damn it, if that won't do, we'll bring one day
 Queen Bess's Pocket Pistol into Play.
 Give us Heroick Worthies of Renown,
 With a revenging Rival's Mortal Frown,
 Not by dividing Oceans kept asunder,
 Whilst angry Spark comes on, like Jove, with Thunder,
 Gives out in Harlem Gazette, Blood and Wounds
 In Foreign Fray, to sculk on English Ground,
 And scorning Duels, a poor Prize at Sharps,
 He only fights for Fame in Counterscarps.
 Do not you follow his Revenge and Fury,
 Be you those tender-hearted things, his Fury.
 Give us Old-Baily mercy for our Play:
 Ah no! no Pray'r's nor Bribes your Hearts can sway,
 Your cruel Talents lie the other way.

Criticks

Are Polish Bullies, fire and lightning all,
 The Blunderbus goes off, and where you hit you maul.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Seraglio.

Artemira and Rosolin.

Art. **O** *H Rosolin*, thou art a subtle Charmer,
To treat thy Princes with the sacred Glories
Of her Victorious *Altomar*. His Praise
Is so sublime a Theme, that sure 'twas such a Subject

That once inspired the ancient *Theban* Lyre,
When even th' Inanimate Woods and Rocks
Felt the enchanting Sounds, and borrowed Ears
T' attend the powerful Song.

Amir. Madam, Alas!

To sing his Praise is but that humble Tribute
Which the united World should pay; and when
His mighty Triumphs speak so loud, as crack
The very Voice of Fame: can I do less
Than make a part in th' Universal Quire?

Art. Ah, *Rosolin*, thou paint'st but half his Conquests.
'Tis not enough that in his floating Walls
He rides triumphant Lord, o'th' War'ry Main;
But after all this gallant God-like Man
Returns a Conqueror, returns to these
Kind Arms, his dearest *Artemira's* Arms.
Where am I going? I shall talk my Sence away;
Love wraps me up so high, my soaring Soul
Grows giddy with the Airy Maze it treads.

Enter Mirvan.

Mirv. Madam, Lord *Meroin* desires admittance.

Art. What brings him here? — Go tell him I am private.
That hated Sight's enough to damp my Joys.
What is his Business?

Mirv. Madam, the Success
Of your Illustrious Father's Conquering Arms,
Has brought him big with Wonder to repeat
The pleasing Miracle.

Art. Admit him.

[*Exit Mirvan.*]

I know the Villain hates my *Altomar*
And me; but my dear *Altomar's* Applause
Has Musick in the Sound, tho' set by Hall,
And sung by Envy.

Enter Merwin.

Mer. Madam, when the Gods
Design'd such Beauty for a Kingdoms Heir,
In Justice to your infinite Deserts,
They strow your way with Trophies to a Crown:
Your Royal Father to enlarge his Throne,
Fit for so bright a Form to fill, has Heav'n
His Friend, and Fate his Vassal; builds his Glory
High as the Stars, and makes the binding Cement
Of this vast Pile his vanquish'd Enemies Blood.

Art. Indeed Sir, our late wonderful Success
Over our proud *Venetian* Enemies,
Shews us no little Favorites of Heaven.

Meru. Our wonderful Success! where lies the Wonder?

Could your great Fathers Arms be less victorious,
When led by *Altomar*, the Valiant *Altomar*?
Now Flattery, and all the artful Pow'rs
Of slighted Love assist me: If she loves him,
I have an Art to track her hidden Fires,
I'll tune her Favorite's Praise to high, *Art.*
Have rais'd such Pleasures in her wanton Eyes,
As shall betray the burning Lake within 'em.

Art. My Lord, you have begun a noble Subject,
And in the Generous *Altomar's* just Praise
You but exp'res a Kingdom's Obligation.

Meru. His Praises just; just! yes from all Mankind.
Such Courage, and such Conduct is a Theme,
As would make Malice court, and Envy flatter.
He managed Ruine with so proud a Port,
His very dying Foes in their last Groans
Could do no less than praise their fatal Conqueror.
By all the Gods a nobler braver Chief
Ne'r grac'd an Armies Head since that great day,
When th' angry Angels met, and their bright Generals
Led out th' embattell'd Seraphim to fight,
Whilst the vast Storm of War shook down the Stars,

Art. Oh that a Villain should describe a Hero!
What Style has Love, if Hate has so much Rhetorick? *[Aside.]*

Mer. Imagine here the bold *Venetians*,
Their gaudy Fleet, with all their glittering Flags,
Whilst th' humbler Gallies round their taller Galeasses,
Crouching like Porpusses beneath the Whale,
Cut the salt Foam to meet the enrag'd *Altomar*,
Suppose on th' other side, the fierce
The Fiery *Altomar*, our *Algier* Glory,
The God-like Geni^{us} of your Fathers Arms,
With his proud Navy, all his moving Castles
Meets the vast Foe.

Art. Oh that a hand so loath'd should draw so sweet a Picture. *[Aside.]*

Mer. Imagine now the Warlike Fleets engaged,
Ruine and Death with all their Pomp and Noise,
Alarm the Globe, and frighted Nature shakes:
Whilst Victory, that Eagle Bird of Prey,
Hovers above the floating Massacre.
The trembling Shore around, the reeking Sea
Below, and all the smoaking Air above,
Together joyn, joyn with his ratling Fires.
All the contending Elements conspire,
To grace their Lord, the Conquering *Altomar*.

Art. My Lord, I know not from what Mystick Source
All this kind Language flows; but if there's Riddles
In your Applause, there shall be none in mine.
You draw this gallant Prince's shining Picture
Below the bright Original. The highest
Description you can make is but your Duty;
And know, his Vertue, Courage, Loyalty,
And all the Graces that can write man great,
Make his name worthy to be welcome here.

Mer. By all the Sulphur in her burning Veins,
My Fears are true; the loves, and has the Pride
To own it, is her own vain boasting Trumpet. *[Aside.]*

Enter Mirvan.

Mirv. Madam, Prince *Altomar*—

Mer. Return'd already?

Art. Hast, and conduct him in. *[Aside.]*

Mer. Curst be the Name, *[Exit Mirvan.]*
And doubly curst the hour I saw that Face. *[Aside.]*

Art. My Lord,
The Illustrious Prince's Praise is a large Theme;
And if you have more to say, some other time

You will oblige me with the pleasing Subject.

Mar. Death, with what Scorn and Pride she drives me hence,
To make more room for my accursed Rival!
Perdition be his Guide, and Plagues his Ullers,
And burning Irons pave the way that leads him.

[Aside.]

Art. He comes, he comes, now breaks my riling day.
In the new Sun shine the kind *Cupids* play,
Olive and Myrtle show his fragrant way.

[Exit]

Enter Altomar.

Alt. Health of my Soul, and Mirror of my Eyes,
Light of my World, and Goddess of my Prayers.
Do I once more embrace thy Sacred Knees?
My Joy's too dazling for my Soul to bear.
I would gaze on, but thou'rt too killing fair.

Art. Oh rise my Lord, and hear your *Artemira*:
For she has such Words, such happy Sounds to speak,
As would give Balm to wounds as deep as Graves,
And Life even beyond Death.

Alt. Speak then sweet Oracle.
And whilst thy Love breaths raptures in my Ears,
I will look Blessings from thy Eyes.

Art. What a long year have our contracted Souls
Past o'er with smother'd sighs, stolen looks, and silent hopes?
Awed with a harsh, severe, imperious Father,
Whilst the big Name of Heirefs to a Crown,
Has kept thy just Ambition from my Arms?
But now our sullen Fears are all blown o'er,
The Mountain's levell'd, and the Prospect's clear.

Alt. Be quick dear Heav'n, explain this dazling Vision.

Art. Know then last night, when allonight Fame,
Had brought your Conquests to my Father's Ear,
Charm'd with the News, he came to visit me:
Then with such Emphasis, such feeling Pride,
Your Glories, he describ'd and play'd so well
Your kind just Herald, that my ravish'd Sense
Could scarce contain my Joys: But to compleat
My Extasie, at last these words broke out:
Daughter, says he, so much this gallant Souldier
Deserves from Heaven and me, that tho' I ne'r
Intended less than a Crown'd Head for you,
Yet my Ambition now shall yield to Justice,
Daughter, I am resolv'd I will reward
My Kingdom's Champion with my Kingdoms Heir:
At his Return prepare to make him yours—

[Al.]

Alt. What new-created Light furrounds my Soul? —
 With such Cœlestial Harmony
 Spoke that commanding Voice that form'd the World.
 Bid the dark Scene of Night and *Chaos* vanish,
 To show the shining Universal Theatre.

Art. We who so long have kept our Loves so secret,
 And with that cautious Fear suppress'd our Sighs,
 Jealous o'th' very Air in which we breath'd 'em,
 Now at one Chance have all our Wishes Crown'd :
 One happy Minute ends an Ages Pain.

Alt. One happy Minute! Yes, the happiest
 That time e'er number'd since the restless Orbs
 Began th' Eternal Round. Henceforward Time
 Throw by thy common Sand, and let thy Glass
 Run Gold, pure sparkling Oar : And ye high Powers,
 When you'd record some new-made Saint, Star, Angel,
 Or some blest Martyrs Coronation Day,
 Date your immortal Annals from that hour.

Art. All happiness attends my dearest Lord
 Thou art Heav'n's nearest Care, and their best Angels Charge.

Alt. Where is this more than King, this God-like Father?
 My swelling Veins, like Mines of Incense burn,
 And my transported Soul already kneels
 Low as my Grave t' adore his sacred Feet.

Art. We shall obtain that Blessing instantly,
 Each minute I expect him here, and your
 Dear Presence I am sure will give him Wings.
 And if there's any thing that can detain him,
 It is the Ceremony that he pays
 To an Imperial Stranger. The Usurper *Gayland*,
 That great Subverter of the *Africk* Empire
 Is now my Father's Guest. In his return
 From the reducing some revolted Towns
 To their Obedience ;
 Taking this Kingdom in his March, has made
 A visit here.

Ros. Madam, the King approaches.

Enter Albuzeiden and Lords. Altomar kneels.

Alb. Rise noble Youth, thou Darling of the Stars,
 Whilst I have thy Heroick Arm to cut
 My way to Fame, and my triumphant Fleet
 Has such an Admiral, *Neptune's* my Slave.
 An Arm like thine's
 Enough to make the Tributary God,

And

And all his floating Globe my Vassals,

Alt. You raise my little Services too high :
My Wreaths are but the Branches of your Laurel.

Alb. Rise my best Friend, and grow within my Arms :
Thy Modestly commends thee and prefers thee ;
But my dear *Altomar*, 'tis not enough

Thy Conquering Arm has made me great abroad ,
But Triumphs wait me nearer home ; new Trophies
Lie at my Feet, whilst pressing Glories crowd
Under my Battlements.— The mighty *Gayland*,
The long-fam'd Terror of our *Africk* World,
Is *Artemira*'s Slave, has seen, and loves her.

Alt. What words are these?

Art. Oh my blasted Ears! [Aside.]

Alb. And in his name full of a Fathers Joy,
I come to offer as his Advocate,
The Tribute of a Crown ; and call her Empress.
Now my best Friend, since thy Success in Battel,
And the Alliance of his Royal Blood,
Have blest my Peace and Wars, making my Throne
As bright as my Pavilion : as I praise
Thy Victories, do thou congratulate mine.

Art. What killing Sounds are these!

Alt. Oh cruel Sir,
What have you done ?

Alb. How, *Altomar* !

Alt. Ah Royal Sir, take heed how you resolve
What Heaven and Justice must forbid. Dread Sir,
Forgive me when thus low I fall to tell you,
Fair *Artemira*'s mine.

Alb. What do I hear ?

Alt. Only th' unalterable work of Fate,
The tender Story of two meeting Hearts,
Whose Loves your Royal Smiles can only Crown.

Art. Yes, Sacred Sir, your *Artemira*'s Love
Her chaste true Love, her Joys, her only Joys,
Her generous Fathers Smiles can only Crown ;
And sure you will not, cannot frown on me.

Alb. Fond easie Fool, is thy unprincely Soul
Fill'd with such flashy Fires ? are thy high Blood,
Birth, Beauty, Sex and Pride such empty Names ?

Art. Is this your Promise dear inhumane Father ?
Did you for this with so much cruel Eloquence
Repeat the Charming Story of his Conquests,
Drawing his Picture so Divine, so Lovely ?
And bid me when this gallant Prince return'd

A Conqueror, prepare to make him mine?

Alb. How's this? Thou easie, cheap, ignoble Fool.
By all that's good, she courted Him; because
Once in a humor I had an humble Thought,
And wrapt up with the News of this Success,
Let slip an idle word; She eager Fondling
Swell'd with the wanton Joy, ran int' his arms;
Told him her Father had prepared a Husband,
And came to offer him his humble Bride.
Shame of thy Blood! ———

Alb. Oh hold Sir,
She run into my Arms! what Blasphemy is this?
Easie and cheap: Now by my Life you wrong her:
I won her nobly; by yon' bright Eternals,
I took her Heart by Storm: Her guarded Breast
Stood my long Siege, with all her Sexes Pride.
By all the Stars, and her own brighter Eyes,
To conquer that ineffimable Prize,
I breath'd such Sighs as might have melted Rocks,
Offer'd such Prayers as might have woo'd a Deity.
From my drown'd Eyes made a long Deluge rowl,
And bath'd her Feet before I mov'd her Soul:
And if at last her generous vanquish'd Pity,
Can entertain a tender wish for me;
It is not with the least ignoble Thought
Below her self the Daughter of a King,
And the most Sovereign Beauty of the World.

Alb. Hold——Be that blasted Tongue for ever dumb.
What do I live to hear? By all that's Sacred,
This is an old Intrigue. The wanton Traytors
Have given and seiz'd, bargain'd and barter'd Hearts,
Chang'd their fond Eyes, and mixt th' engendering Basilisks
Without my Knowledge. That rebellious Syren
Has pawn'd her Honor, sold my Kingdoms Heir,
Whilst th' insignificant deluded Father
Was not thought worthy of the dark Cabal;
But I'm too patient

Art. Is this my King and Father?
Why was I born with Eyes, if this must be their Object?

Alb. No Disobedient, thou wert born
With those false Lights to find thy way to Ruine;
But I'll put out th' insatuating Meteor.
Prepare, fond Girl, to obey thy Father's Will,
T' extinguish all thy vaprous wandering Fires,
And gild thy Brows with an Imperial Diadem.
Prepare by th' Setting of to-morrow's Sun,
To sleep in *Gayland's* arms, or sleep for ever.

Alt. Oh hold, let not the Breath of Majesty
Pronounce those barbarous words as will Un-king you.
Think, think what Cruelty——

Alb. Take him away,
Confine him a close Prisoner to his Chamber.
The Charge be yours. [Attendants seize him. To Morat.]

Alt. Confusion, to a Jayl!

Alb. And to remove all Bars to my Ambition
He that amongst you (mark me) dares but breath
One Syllable of this bold Traytor's Love,
By *Alla*, the Villain dies. And you *Morat*,
Perform your Charge: If you but let him stir,
Or in revenge of his defeated Arrogance,
By Letters, or by Messages attempt
Ought that may block her way to *Gayland's Arms*,
(Observe me well) thou'rt Food for Dogs and Vultures.

Art. Is this a Father's Voice, ye Gods, I die. [Fainting.]

Alt. Oh raise thy drooping head, look up fair injured Sweetness,
And hear those Sounds shall strike Dishonor dead.
Ungrateful King, is this the black Reward,
Which you return your Conquering Soldiers Toils?
Have I for this, from all the Ports of Fame,
Past all the Storms of Fate to make you glorious?
All dyed your Ocean with the Christian Purple?
And (since you make me vain) sent down such Crouds
Of your slain Foes to the Infernal Shades——

Alb. Vain-glorious Fool!
What if you conquer'd, was it not by me?
Was't not my Fleet, my Arms, my Thunder kill'd,
And I the mighty Genius that inspir'd 'em.
Take the vain Boaster hence.

Alt. Yet stay.
Inspired by thee thy barbarous Genius! No.
If I subdued 'twas *Artemira* conquer'd:
For her I fought, for her I vanquish'd; fill'd
With her great Love, and her immortal Charms,
I strook my Javelin in the Gates of Death,
And all the crowding Fates prest out in Arms,
To aid thy Cause. At her dread Name,
Strength of my arm, and Goddesses of my Wars,
Destruction, Conquest, Ruine hung round my Shield.
My Cause, Life, Courage, Glory,
And Guardian Angels all were *Artemira's*.

Alb. Proud insolent Boy, to make her Vanity
As great as thine. Her Cause, Life, Glory,
Is *Gayland's Heart*.

Beneath her Feet a King and Empire lie,
And 'tis a Prize she must accept or die.

Alt. Oh I am lost.

Art. Hear me but one word :

If you're resolv'd I shall be false, false to
This gallant man, the Lord of all my Vows;
My Loss will break his Heart, and I shall be his Murderer.
You'll make me crueller than your *Venetian* Enemies ;
When in a base Return to all his Conquests
Your Daughters Scorn must kill your Kingdoms Champion,
And stab that Heart your Foes could never reach.

Alt. Great Gods, he sees that kneeling Deity
Unmoved with all her Prayers. Inverted Nature,
Can man be deaf when Heaven is a Petitioner ?

Art. Ah Sir, if e'er my gentle Mother pleas'd you,
If th' only Reliques of her Royal Blood
Can move you to Compassion, show it now.

'Tis true, dread Sir, I know you'd make me great
But what's Ambition where there's Love above it ?
You'd fix me high on an Imperial Seat :
But if you do, you kill me. No my Lord,
My Paradise in him, him only lies,
And Love's a Flower which once transplanted dies.

Alt. And this is all the Excuse thy Disobedience
Can frame for all thy humble abject Folly ?

Alt. Ah Sir, though you have no Remorse for Me,
Look on that Face, that Angel-Beauty weeps :
The pretious Dew falls from those Suns above.
O see ; a Chain of Pearl hangs on those Lids,
Enough to bribe an angry God to Mercy.
And have her Tears no Power ?

Alt. Yes Ravisher,
To the disgrace of her degenerate Soul,
I see that base born Issue of her Eyes ;
But know, fond Girl, I'll drain the muddy Stream.

Art. Yes when you've broke that Heart from whence it flows.
Oh my loved Lord,

[To Altomar.

Alt. Their very Looks are hatching Treasons :
Take them away, and part the brooding Monsters.

Art. Oh hold. Gods, have those dying drowning Eyes
No Power ? One Look from those fair Lights
Is worth ten thousand *Gaylands* Souls.

Alt. Dull Slaves !

Art. Lord of my Life.

Alt. My Saint, my Heaven Farewel.

[Exit forced out.

[Exeunt all but Altomar, and
Morat, and two more Attendants.

Of

What's Conquest, Fame, and all the flattering Hopes
 Of towering Love in their Meridian Light?
 Poor airy Bubbles which the Breath of Power,
 Bursts with a Blast, and they are seen no more.
 Ye bright Dispensers of our Humane Fate,
 Bring me but back to those clear Streams of Bliss,
 Which I enjoy'd but one half hour ago;
 And I'd not change my State of Happiness
 For all that Vanity your Sun looks round,
 And all those worlds your great first Mover rowls.

Mor. My Lord, I hope you'll pardon that harsh Office
 Which I with horror bear. Believe me Sir,
 My very Soul deplores your rigid Fate.

Alt. I thank thee kind *Morat*; but be not troubled:
 Alas I'm fallen and lost, ordain'd for Ruine;
 A miserable thing not worth thy Pity.

'Tis true

Once my blest Hopes stood fair, the Candidates
 Of Glory; but alas those Guardian Angels
 That then smiled on me, bore me on their Wings,
 And nurs'd me as the Child and Heir of Fortune,
 Now see my sinking State, and like false Friends desert me.

Mor. Your Fate draws Tears even from a Souldiers Eyes.

Alt. And can Man pity me when Heaven forsakes me?

For me, no matter if my impurer Blood
 Were set afloat, my drossy worthless Affes,
 Trod by the Tyrants meanest Slaves to Dirt:
 But oh that Tyrant strikes at *Artemira*,
 His Savage Fury breaks her tender Heart.

Take heed, ye cruel Powers, her Fate, ye Gods, prevent,
 Or all your Heaven, too late, will the dire deed repent.

At her black Doom I shall not sigh alone;
 Your shaking World at her last Pangs will groan.
 The waning Lamps of your pale trembling Skies,
 At her closed Lights will shut their aking Eyes.
 By Heav'ns, not your own God-heads shall go free,
 You too shall all my Fellow-mourners be,
 And hang your sad and drooping Heads like me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Scene, a Room of State.

Meroin, and Ishmael, Disney.

Mer. THE Cause of all her Pride and Scorn is plain,
By all the Witchcrafts of the Sex 'tis plain.
'Tis *Altomar's* the Man. No wonder she has
Been Deaf to all my Prayers: all her warm Gales
Were th' happy *Altomars*; whilst nothing but
Her Winter Stormy Northern Blasts were mine.

Ish. Wer't my Cause my Lord,
I would not curse, nor fret my Spleen in vain;
Return her Scorn with Scorn.
Beautie's a Flower, that whilst 'tis kind, is fragrant;
But when Disdain has canker'd all its Sweets,
'Tis a rank weed.

Mer. A rank one 'tis indeed;
And if that poysonous weed, the Bane of all
My Peace must root in my curst Rival's Arms,
Lend him my Hand, ye Gods, to plant it there.
Oh *Ishmael*, I could make the rarest Bawd:
I'd stuff her Pillows vvith the Stings of Scorpions:
Oh hovv 'twould make her mount into his Arms.
Act the soft Dalliance vvith that Heat, that Fire ———
Then to compleat the vvanton Game, I'd mix
Her amorous Potions vvith the Blood of Aspicks:
VVhilst he, like *Jove*, came on in Thunder, she
Should meet him like the burning *Semle*.

Ish. VVhy all this Storm against the poor lost *Altomar*?
Sir, you forget that all his hopes are vanishd,
And 'tis the mighty *Gayland* must enjoy her.

Mer. You talk like a ravy Lover: He enjoy her? ———
And must I tamely live to see the Cause,
The cursed Source of all my endless pains,
Shine the Bright Empreſs of our Southern VVorld,
And rise in Glory vvhilst I set in Ruine?
No, *Ishmael*, there's a Spark in all great Souls
Men call Revenge, supplies the dying Fire
Of injured Love. To gratifie that last
Dear pleasure, knowv this Sorcerers must die.

Ish. My Lord, your high Reſentments are but juſt;
But ſhould you periſh in th' Attempt. ———

Mer. No matter :

For I've at once out-lived my Peace and Glory;
For twelve long years I was the *Algerine*
Victorious Admiral,
Till all my Services, my Toyls and Wounds
Forgotten, my ungrateful barb'rous King
Could cloud me in the Noon of all my Glories,
And give my Lawrels to the cursed *Altomar*.
My Love destroy'd,
And Honor lost, think *Ishmael*, with what small
Delight I wear this Load of Flesh and Blood.

Ish. You have but too much reason to complain.

Mer. Give me kind Stars that favorable Minute,
When I may stab this pair of Royal Monsters,
Punish her Scorn, and his Ingratitude,
Though the next hour you made the Vultures Gorge
My Sepulchre.

Ish. But Sir—— You've served the Father, and adored the Daughter,
And can your Wrongs engender so much Rage ?

Mer. Yes *Ishmael*, yes, does not the thirsty Traveller
Loath the dear Spring when once the Fountain's poyson'd ?

Ishmael, I know thee faithful, and dare trust thee ;
Know then, I have here that working Vengeance, like
Wit's Goddess teeming in the Thunders Brain ;
But something ominous foretells, my Life

Is short, though it will make my Fame immortal :

Yet e'er I die, I have a hoarded Mass

Of Infinite Wealth, which dead, I'll make thee Lord of :

But if I 'scape with Life, I have a Vessel

Ready i'th Port to fly to *Alexandria*,

Where thou my Friend, shalt share my Fortunes with me.

Ish. Sir, to reward you for this Princely Bounty,

I have that Story for your Ears, shall wing

Your inspired Vengeance.

Mer. Speak my better Genius.

Ish. Know then, this *Altomar*, your hated Rival,

Is the true Heir to th' Empire of *Morocco*.

Mer. Ha !

Ish. You know the Story of that Bloody Empress,
Whose murder'd Son, and poyson'd Husband, cleared
Her Favorit's Passage to th' Imperial Seat.

Mer. Go on.

Ish. That Empress, to secure his Title,

And leave no Branch of the Imperial Stock

That might in time grow up t' o'ershade his Lustre,

Design'd to sacrifice the only Reliques

O'th' Royal Blood, the murder'd *Muly Labasse's*
 Two Infant Sons. My self and Lord *Abdalla*
 (Now *Gayland's* General) were then
 Two Favorites in the *Morocco* Court,
 And th' *Empress* Confidants : And to our Care
 She trusted the dispatch of the dire deed.
 But we in pity to the Royal Infants,
 And partly for the Hopes of a Reward,
 Convey'd 'em to their Uncle *Amurath*,
Cayliff of *Egypt*.

Mer. Very well, proceed.

Ish. But to avoid all Dangers of the Storm,
 That the revengfull *Empress* would have rais'd,
 If e'er she knew we had repealed their Doom,
 E'er we disclosed what our rich Present was,
 We swore him first by *Alla*, ne'er to breath
 Their Story, Quality, or their true Names
 To ought in this lower World. That done, we left 'em ;
 Where, as his own adopted Sons he bred 'em,
 In that dark Mist, even to themselves disguis'd ;
 And in pursuit of his Religious Vow,
 Some twelve years since th' old pious *Dotard* died,
 And left 'em in that Cloud in which he nurs'd 'em.

Mer. Oh *Ishmael*, thou hast fired my very Soul ;
 But art thou sure this mighty Secret's safe ?

Ish. Fear not, 'tis only lodged in our two Breasts ;
 And for my part, I hate him worse than you :
 For he has done me Wrongs unpardonable.
 For know, my Lord, at the great Siege of *Candy*,
 Under the Sultan's Banners, I had the Honor
 To head a Troop of Horse, and by ill Fate
 I had this very *Altomar* my Colonel :
 Where, for I knew not what, only a certain
 Antipathy he bore me, by his Influence
 With the Grand Visier, unprovoked, uninjured,
 He both cashier'd and banisht me ; for which
 I owe him Ruine, and would pawn my Soul to pay't him.

Mer. Now thou art brave.

Ish. And for *Abdalla's* talking,

His Tongue is Sealed with stronger Bonds than mine:
 For should the furious *Gayland* ever know
 There lives an Heir of the Imperial Line,
 And by *Abdalla* saved, his Head would pay for't.

Mer. Oh *Ishmael*, guard thy Tongue, lock up this Secret
 Close as thy Heart, and dearer than thy Life.

Ish. Your Favors would secure a greater Trust.

Mer. For should it reach the Ears of *Abuzelden*,
 No doubt 'twould soften him to that degree,
 That I should see the cruel *Artemira*
 Lodged in my hated prosperous Rival's Arms :
 A Sight would blast me.

I must make haste, my Vengeance is too tardy ;
 The *Saturnine* dull Planet moves too slow,
 But into Deeds I'll put my faint Desire,
 Drive and spur on my sluggish Orb of Fire.

Enter King and Artemira.

Art. Ah Royal Sir, as you would reign immortal,
 Have Angels ever guard you, Heaven love you,
 Men fear you, and Virgins pray for you,
 Pity my Pains, and this dire Doom recal.

King. Kind *Merois*, my Friend and Councillor,
 Instruct me how to chide this stubborn Girl ;
 Now by my Life I offer her a Diadem,
 An Emperor's Heart, with all that dawning Splendor,
 That would both Crown her Youth, and bless my Days ;
 And would you think it, the mean Spirited Wretch,
 Deaf to th' Acceptance of a Courting God-head,
 Starts from a Throne, and shrinks into a Shade.

Art. Consider Sir, what 'tis you would command ;
 You give what 'tis impossible to take.
 Ah Sir, I love the Noble *Altomar*,
 And with a Faith so true.

King. By Hell she braves me,
 Triumphant in th' incorrigible Shame.

Mer. Ah Madam, were I worthy to advise,
 Your Royal Father pleads with so much Reason—

Art. Peace sawcy Monster, am I fall'n so low ?

Be-

Because my angry Father is my Torturer?
 Darest thou presume to talk, thou black Incendiary?
 But to confute all thou darest say or think,
 Know the least Thought of *Altomar* I value
 'Bove *Gayland's* Crown, and all his *Africk* World.
 Nay his least Look is worth whole Millions
 Of such base Lives as this bold Slave's that hates him.

Mer. Now all the Poyson of a bloated Toad
 Blister that Face, and purple Plagues new paint it.

[*Aside.*

Art. Ah Sir, what is't you'd have me do? If I
 Love *Altomar*, can I love *Gayland* too?
 Love is the very Soul of the Creation,
 And Constancy the Soul of Love: And then
 Can I love twice? She whose divided Heart
 Admits more Loves than one, does but like her
 That breaks a precious Diamond into Sparks,
 And makes that worthless, was before inestimable.

King. Alas, I do not court thee to be false:
 'Tis then thou'rt false when thou lovest *Altomar*;
 False to thy Blood, thy Honor, and to me,
 To love below the Daughter of a King;
 But fix thy Eyes on an Imperial Head,
 And then thou'rt truly Just. Thou canst not guess
 The Charms of Love within a Monarch's Arms:
 Thy Beauty on a Throne shall not shine only
 For thy long Youth, but be even in thy Age triumphant,
 Whilst to pursue the Trophies thou hast won,
 Thy young Heroick Sons shall conquer Kingdoms,
 And their fair Sisters Kings.

Art. Oh misery!

King. Nor is this all; t' embrace the Crown I offer,
 Consider, thou wilt make thy Father great:
 All my Ambition bounds in this Alliance.
 In this blest Marriage from my Blood will spring
 That Race shall fill the *Africk* Throne for ever.

Art. Oh Ruine!

Mer. Your Gracious Father——

Art. Dares that Villain speak?

Remove that hated Monster from my Sight.

Mer.

Mer. And that proud Devil from the World.

[*Aside.*

Art. Alas, what is that gay vain thing call'd Empire,
You'd have me lose my Peace and Heav'n to purchase?
When from this Heart, my *Altomar's* dear Throne,
Its Lord I banish, 'tis a pain so great,
Horror and Hell will fill the empty Seat.

King. A Daughter! Death! why was she born to plague me?
Ye Gods, what ways ye find to make Man wretched!
Our very Heirs, the Branches of our selves
Are not our own: The Gallant and the Great
Mix active Fires to mould their Likenesses,
Whilst some malignant Planet sheds his Venom,
Clubs in his Dross, to bastardize their Souls,
And grafts a Fool upon a Royal Stock.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Emperor——

King. Now Rebel Daughter,
I must be short: prepare to entertain
This mighty man with all your kindest Looks;
Breath one harsh Note, to shew your Soul's untuned;
Ruffle that Face but with one angry Blast,
And the next hour your Darling breathes his last.
Obey me, or expect the Traytor's Head.

Enter Gayland attended.

Art. Nurs'd in a Palace, and a King my Parent,
And yet thus wretched! would I had met my *Altomar*
In some more hospitable Desert born:
What tho' we lived with Brutes and Savages,
They would be kinder than inhumane Fathers.

King. Great Sir, I leave you to your Fate, Success
And Victory, your long-known Slaves attend you.

[*Exit.*

Gayl. Majestick Excellence, I come to lay
A Monarch at thy Feet.
So Lov's soft Goddess War's fierce God disarms,
Melts down his Native Fury in her Arms;
Softens the Influence of his angry Fires,

And

And blunts the Edge of Fate.

Art. Excellent Vanity!

Gayl. Madam, I ne'er was truly great till now.
What are the Courts of Kings if Love's not there?
What's the unpolisht slaughtering Warriour, but
A nobler Savage, till by Love refined?
War, Victory and Crowns,
But the rude Oar, and the rough Minerals bring,
Whilst 'tis Love melts, and Beauty stamps the King.

Art. In what big Tone this gilded Organ speaks!
But now to answer him, Oh Love assist me!

[*Aside.*

Great Sir——

Gayl. Speak, fair Divinity——

Art. Methinks

You magnifie Love's little God too much,
And add too glittering Plumes to the blind Boy.
Alas, his unfledg'd Wings soar not so high.
Does not th' exploding World at best call Beauty,
A short-liv'd Bloom, Love Man's Effeminacy,
And Woman only Natures fair Defect?

Gayl. Hold beauteous Brightness, *Artemira's* Eyes
Shall make a Convert of that senseless World :
Ascend my dazling Throne, and then see what
The Tributary World shall pay to Beauty?
Thus Crown'd, thou shalt not only be adored
By prostrate Nations, but those Nations Lord.
Thus the Imperial Monarch of the Skies,
Melts his Eternal Day in *Juno's* Eyes.
So shalt thou reign like her, but blest above
Her humbler Joys in a more faithful *Jove*.

Art. Insufferable Vanity ; Oh Love, how vast
A difference is betwixt the God-like *Altomar*,
And this poor Image of a King?

} *Aside.*

Gayl. By Heavens,
So glorious shall my *Artemira* shine,
That Humane Eyes shan't dare look up so high ;
But blinded stand with thy o'erflowing Light.

Art. Great Sir, your Bounty promises such Wonders;
That to experience your prodigious Favors,

I have a Boon to beg.

Gayl. Speak and command it.

Art. It will offend you.

Gayl. By my Crown it shall not.

Art. Have I your Promise?

Gayl. Upon the word of Majesty——

Art. I'm satisfied, and now dare freely speak.

Great Sir, no common Pride ought to embrace
Those Glories you intend for me ; but Sir,
Suppose I lov'd before, and love an Object
Below your Royal Greatness : For alas,
All Beauties are not born to conquer Kings ;
Yet may be happy far below a Crown ;
And tho' the mighty *Gayland* only ought
To storm and conquer ; yet I hope you'll promise me
You'll win me bravely, and not seek to force
My Heart till you have nobly conquer'd it.

Enter Altomar disguised, and Morat.

Gayl. By these white Charms I swear [Kissing her Hand,
By *Alla*, and my own Imperial Honor,
I'll never wear this Jewel till I've won it.

Mor. Keep your Disguise, or we are lost for ever. [To Altomar.

Alt. Her yielding Hand snatcht to his greedy Lips,
Seiz'd and devour'd by that invading Tyrant. [Aside.

Art. Then I've my Wish, now my loved *Altomar*,
I've cut off all his Hopes t' invade thy Right ;
He'll never wear thy Jewel till he has won it ;
And that is never : For this Heart's invincible ;
And if there's Strength in Vows, or Oaths, or Honor,
I'll make him know he's perjur'd but t' attempt it. [Aside.

Alt. What riotous pleasures revel in her Eyes?
By Hell he has talk'd her to an Extasie. [Aside.

Gayl. A favor'd Rival! the only thing I wanted,
By Heav'n she's now a Conquest fit for me.
Who e'er thou art, poor Wretch love on, court on,
Guard all the Ports of her encompass Heart,
That when I storm I may have the Charm to try

How

How at my Sun such poor thin Shadows fly.

Art. Now Royal Sir, your Gallantry-----

Alt. Oh horror!

[*Aside.*

Art. Your matchless Gallantry has so much Honor,
And so much Charm, that it has given me all
My utmost wish could ask.

Alt. She's gon! She's gon!

[*Aside.*

Gayl. Oh my fair Saint, what infinite Mass of Glory
Do my vast Hopes embrace!
Come bright illustrious fair, let Fools and Cowards
Invoke the help of the kind Powers above,
Call on each Star to aid their dastard Love.
On my own Strength my Tug of Fate shall lie,
And let the gazing Gods stand Neuter by.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Altomar and Morat.

Alt. Oh I am lost! not the dark Womb of Earth,
That teems with tortur'd Ghosts in the black Realms
Of Vengeance, has a Soul so lost as mine.

Mor. Suppress your Rage, perhaps you are mistaken;
What tho' she gazed upon that painted Plume,
And her kind Tongue caress'd the vain proud Fool,
How do you know but this fond Apparition
May be Design and Artifice, not Love?

Alt. Design! Ah no, Her Heart, her Soul's a going.
I saw her, heard her false, beheld those Eyes,
Those once unerring Lights, enchanted with
That shining Comet Power: Saw those bright Suns
Leave their long Tracks of Truth, Faith, Honor, Love,
Whilst a new *Phaeton* usurp'd the Throne,
To set that World of Excellence on Fire.

Mor. How has your Curiosity undone you?
Why did you woo me from your milder Gaol,
And beg this short Enlargement on your Knees,
To meet this Sight, and be your own Tormenter?

Alt. What tho' I'd known I should have found her false?
Not see her! Ah, who could forbear to see her?
Those dear fair Eyes have Charms even when they kill.
So in a Plague, when th' angry Gods send out

Some bright Commission'd Angel to destroy;
 Could we but see the Divine Arm that strikes,
 We should behold unutterable Glory.

'Tis not the Vengeance that it pours, can lessen
 The Majesty of a destroying Deity.

Mor. I have not gone thus far, ventur'd my Head
 To unloose your Chains, brought you thus far to ruine,
 And leave you thus. No, I'll go on, thro' Fate
 And Death; but I will give your Torments Ease.

Alt. Dear generous, kind *Morat.*

Mor. By Heav'n's I'll carry
 This Faithless Woman all your Sighs, your Wrongs,
 Your just Resentments of her Infidelity :
 If she has Honor, Sence or Shame——

Alt. Alas,
 Though thou could'st lay my dying Groans before her,
 What would that move, if she's resolv'd to kill?

Mor. My Lord, I pity you.

Alt. Indeed I want it.

Mor. Now upon second thoughts, you your own self
 Shall tell her your Resentments.

Alt. How?

Mor. Prepare
 This Night to visit her.

Alt. My Tutelar Angel!

Morat. Thus then——By th' help of Night,
 I will convey you safe to the *Seraglio*.

Alt. Go on.

Morat. Kind *Rosolin* your faithful Confident,
 I'm certain will admit you:
 And to secure you from all dangerous Eyes,
 Remove the Princess's watchful Slaves: And tho'
 The cruel *Artemira* would deny you,
 It would be then too late: Her very dread o'th' Outrage,
 To which her harsh Denials may transport you,
 Will make your way: For since she's sensible,
 That to discover you would give you Death,
 For your past Loves
 She will not be your Murderer. Now try

Your

Your Fortune, and unriddle all your Fears.

Alt. Now art thou kinder than my Prayers could ask.

Mor. Alas, my Lord,

I cannot see your Soul thus Tempest-shaken,
But I must either calm the Storm, or drown in't.

Alt. Thou best of Friends!

Mor. But, Sir, I must conjure you,
Whatever Aspect or Disdain you meet,
Let not your Wrongs rise high, nor yet talk loud,
Lest your wild Rage should be your own destroyer.

Alt. No, dear *Morat*, Suppose the worst: Imagine
She meets me with a Look all cold, and bleak
As Winter Stars: Nay, to compleat my misery,
Suppose her fallen to that Apostacy,
That she dares boldly tell me, that she loves him:
Suppose all this, and words ten times more cruel,
Which 'tis even Blasphemy to think; yet still
I have loved so well, I shall not with the least
Outragious word upbraid her with my Fate;
But falling prostrate at her Feet, and kneeling
To th' adored Heav'n, from whence that Thunder came,
My breaking Heart shall just keep Life enough,
To bear me back into my Gaol, and die.

Mor. Look up, and hope a better Fate.

Alt. Good Heaven,

If possible, dissolve this dreadful Vision;
But if I'm doom'd to see her broken Vows,
Not Comets with their bearded Majesty,
Those blazing Deputies of th' angry Gods,
Hang o're the World with half that mortal Influence,
As threats this miserable Head. Comets!
Why do I name those Infant Rods of Fate?
If *Artemira's* Cruelty ordeins,
Her wretched Slave in black despair shall die,
Within the Sphere of that destroying Eye
Hang all the bloody Banners of the Sky.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T III.

*The King discovered in his Night Gown, sitting, Meroin by him.
A Song and Musick.*

The Scene a Bed-Chamber.

King **S**Top your insipid croaking Throats, and practise
Your little Arts on little Objects: Lull
Some peevish Girl, or froward Boy asleep;
And do not hope to calm a restless King.
I'm stung with a *Tarantula* too strong
For such mean Ays to cure. What has my vast
Ambition form'd to make a Daughter great,
And Father blest? But the resisting Fool
Destroys the Sacred Work: Heavens! I was raising her
A Pile of Majesty, so high, so lofty,
On whose Imperial Towers she might shake hands
With Gods: But angry Love, that envious Deity,
Confounds the Languages of Power and Glory,
And stops the rising Fabrick.

Mer. Stop it? Death!
What should oppose your Will? She knows your Pleasure,
And dares she disobey?

King. True *Meroin*.
I can command her Eye, her Hand, her Tongue;
But they'r all Hypocrites, all base Dissemblers:
Her hidden Thoughts, her Heart's all *Attomars*.
Kings are not Gods: Our Pow'r extends o'r all but Souls.
They like unbridled unsubjected Devils,
Soar in that Air of which themselves are Princes.

Mer. Hold Royal Sir, let not your Majesty
So much mistake, thus cheated with a Bubble.
What is that noisy thing we call a Soul?
What's all its Faculties and Passions, but
Th' Impression of our Sense, our Flesh and Blood?
Or the Effects of Chance or Education?

Pamper'd

Pamper'd we're wanton, Great we're proud, Distress'd
 We're Pious, and in Love we're mad; and Sir,
 Is Madness a Disease incurable?
 No; were she mine, 'tis not a hundred *Altomars*
 Should keep her from a Throne and *Gayland's Arms*;
 And to perform the mighty Operation,
 I'd keep her waking with the Name of *Gayland*,
 Prevent her Morning Prayers with *Gayland, Gayland*.
 She should scarce hear one word but Kings, Crowns, Empires.
 Then would I make her Servants, nay, her very Priests
 My Instruments: They should preach her into Love:
 Tell her, her way to Heav'n's through *Gayland's Arms*.
 Ah Sir, Religion does the rarest Feats
 in Love; makes a coy Girl so kind, so pliant.
 Then would I keep her caged, watch'd like a Bird,
 Till she'd forgot her own wild barbarous Notes,
 And learnt my nobler Ayres.

King. Thou hast inspired me,
 And I'll pursue the Sacred Path thou'st laid me.
 I'll instantly t' her Chamber, and begin
 The mighty Work: I'll shew her Greatness Empire,
 So bright, as shall uncloud her wandring Sences:
 High as a Beacon fix the blazing Light,
 To guide her through the Labyrinths of Night. [Exit.

Mer. As I could wish. Gon to the Princess Chamber,
 Unarm'd, unguarded! Now for my Revenge:
 Oh 'tis the best, the rarest luckiest hour,
 That Night, the Bawd to murder
 Could e'er have pickt me out. And thou proud scornful Syren,
 Now to my Vengeance thy false Heart stands fair,
 There is no surer Blood-bound than Despair. [Exit.

Scene the Second.

The Princess discover'd in her BedChamber.

Enter Altomar introduced by Rosolin.

Art. Kind Heav'n he comes

Ros.

Rosol. Know, 'tis with wondrous danger;
But greater Kindness that my Royal Mistress
Admits you at this Hour.

Alt. My generous Guide,
May Heav'n and Love requite thee for this Favor;
Those Pow'r's which are my Enemies reward thee. [Exit Rosolin.]

Art. Approach my *Altomar*: This awful Distance
Befits a Courting, not a Conquering Lover;
But say my *Altomar*, what pitying Angel
Has broke thy Chains to bless thy *Artimira*?

Alt. Still the same Sweetness! If the Flower's so fragrant,
Can the dear Root be poyson'd?

[Aside.]

Art. Why, are you silent Sir, now by my Life
Your crowding Joys to see your kind dear Princess,
Have lockt your Tongue, pent up the narrow Vent
For words, and made your swelling Raptures dumb:
Nay then I will increase your Extasie.
Know, I've been storm'd by your proud haughty Rival,
The vainest thing that ever Fortune rais'd,
For Fools t' obey, or Beauty to despise:
But by my kind Compliance with his Pride,
I have so pleas'd his Vanity, so wrought
The Royal Pageant up, till he has sworn
By *Alla*, and his own Imperial Honor,
Hee'll never marry me, till he has conquer'd me.
Now when I meet the shining Meteor next,
I'll own our Loves, and tell him I'm invincible.

Alt. Is this the Vertue, Gods, I have profaned!
And this that Truth my frantick Fears could doubt?

[Aside.]

Art. Then if he has the least Spark of Majesty,
And still dares tire me with his nauseous Love,
I'll Thunder in his Ears his Royal Promise,
His blasted Honor, and his broken Vows,
Till I have shamed him from his hopeless Suit,
Made him take all his gaudy Streamers in,
And shrink like blushing Cowards from a Siege.

Alt. Oh was there ever Constancy like thine;
Or jealous impious Infidel like me?

[Aside.]

Art.

Art. And does your *Artemira's* Kindness please you?

Alt. Please me?

Not a blest Soul at the last Trumpets Sound
Can hear his Call to Everlasting Glory
With greater Extasie——

Enter Rosalin running.

Ros. Madam, the King your Father——

Art. Ha! what sayest thou?

Ros. Is coming hither, just now ent'ring,
And I've out-run the Danger to alarm you.

Alt. Confusion!

Art. Fly fly my *Altomar*—— But hold, to move
That way, would be to meet him in the Face,
And to stay here is Death.

Alt. What shall I do?

Art. Retire into my Closet.

Alt. Oh unhappy Chance!

[*Exit into the Closet.*]

Art. Hush! as your Grave your silent Station keep:
For if you stir my *Altomar* must die.

Enter King.

King. You seem disturb'd; is it the Father's Presence,
Or Daughters Guilt that makes this Ague Fit?

Art. Dread Sir, a Visit at this hour of Night,
Ev'n from a Father cannot but surprize me.

King. Suppress your Fear, draw nigh, I come to talk with you.

Art. Speak with the voice of Mercy, Royal Sir,
And whilst the Breath of Majesty delivers

The charming Oracles, thus low I'll fall

[*Kneels.*]

T' embrace the Feet of the inspir'd God that utters 'em.

King. Well, I will speak with Mercy.

Art. Yes Royal Sir, if you but knew what Love meant,
Then you would speak with Mercy, then you'd pity
My bleeding Heart, not bid me poorly sell
My solid Peace for th' empty name of Empress.
Alas, I would obey you if I could;

E

But

But the Command's impossible.

I have loved once, and ne'er can love agen.

True Love's

A Bird of Paradise, when once on Wing,

It keeps the Airy Region, where it flies,

And never lights before it falls and dies.

Enter Meroin, locking the Door after him.

King. Tortures and Furies, how she frets my Soul!
Turns all my Blood to Gall.

Mer. And mine to Poyson.

King. How Meroin?

Mer. I come to tell thee King,
That I have chas'd a hunted Tyrant, and
This fair false Crocodile into the Toyl,
And on this Spot they die.

[*Drums.*]

King. How Sawcy Traytor!
What means this unexampled Insolence?

Mer. Why Sir, I'll tell you, call to your Remembrance
The many Wounds I have received for you:
Have I not been your Conquering Admiral
For almost twice seven Years; my Loyalty
Untainted, and my Courage undisputed?
But thy Ingratitude, *Barbarian King*,
Could lay me like a rusty Armor by;
Nor has she play'd the Tyrant less than thou;
Her cruelty and her proud haughty Scorn
To all my slighted Sighs, has light that Brand
Which nothing but her Hearts last Blood can quench.
But I lose time.

King. Hold, Impious Slave, yet hold; if thou canst think,
Much less darest put in Action, what thou threaten'st,
Canst thou e'er hope thy Royal Master's Murder
Will go unpunisht?

Mer. Yes, you would frighten me with Stakes or Gibbets,
Wracks, or Wild Horses, or some such foolish thing;
But know, mistaken King, I came not hither
With such a faint Design. I and my Injuries

Are

Are more resolv'd than so.

[Now for thy Heart.

Re-enter Altomar interposing.

Alt. Hold Traytor.

Mer. Ha!

Alt. Thou Monster more than damn'd.

Mer. Curses and Plagues, what Fury brought him hither

Alt. Triumphant Infidel, durst thy black Soul

But think to kill thy King!

What Lunacy inspired thy Frantick Rage,
With the least Hope t' effect the Savage Deed?

Dog, didst thou see yon Azure Roof all Blaze

With unknown Fires? The groaning World beset

With Comets, Earthquakes, Plagues and Deluges?

These are the Prologues to a murder'd King.

But do I talk? Thy Crimes, and this just Arm

Fall on thee, Traytor.

[*They fight, Meroin falls.*

Take thy just Reward.

[*Sticking him to the Ground.*

Go sink, and howl in everlasting Flames.

Mer. Thou'lt kill'd me, and Perdition seize the Murderer. [*Dies.*

Alt. Thus low, great Sir, I bend my prostrate Soul, [*Kneels,*
and lays his Sword at the King's Feet.

O'er-whelm'd with Glory, and o'er-charg'd with Blis:

For I have saved the Royal *Albuzeiden*,

And the fair *Artemira* lives by me.

King. Rise *Altomar*, for I have much to say,
And thou to hear. True, thou hast sav'd our Lives---

Alt. With greater Joy, with greater Piety
Than e'er the *Trojan* Youth his aged Sire
Over the rowling Conflagration bore,
And stemm'd a Tide of Fire. To save my King---

King. Hold your Career, and do not vainly sing
Your ill tuned Triumph: Yes, you've saved our Lives.
Your fatal Kindness like the circling Adder
Kills when't embraces. Speak thou dreadful Gorgon,
That turn'st me into Stone, how camest thou hither?

Art. Stop but your Rage, and let me tell you how.
Oh Sir, look up, and see yon shining Empire,

Where th' Universal Monarch sits, whose Angels
Stand Sentinels around the Lives of Kings:
Hither by that fore-seeing Providence
Was th' happy *Altomar* sent by Commission,
To save my Royal Father's Life——

King. Peace Screech-Owl.

How artfully the fond Enchantress pleads!
What fatal Planet led me to this place,
To see the Ruines of my Royal Name?
So close, alone, at this dark hour of night,
Hid in her Closet like a lustful Satyr?

Alt. What words are these I hear?

King. Truth Ravisher; sounds that will sink thy Soul,
When thy hot burning Lust shall plunge below
In the black Lake quencht like a hissing Firebrand.

Alt. Oh speak once more: For tho' my shivering Nerves
Shake like an Ague, they're such dreadful Accents,
I scarce dare trust my Ears, nor can I think
'Tis *Artemira's* Royal Father speaks.

King. Triumphant Villany! he likes the Musick,
And fain would hear the pleasing Notes repeated.
Is't not enough that thou hast broke thy Chains,
Loosed like a Tyger for thy Mid-nights Prey,
And stand'st all reeking with her tainted Blood----

Alt. Her tainted Blood!

King. Silence, that Ravens Croak.
Is this a Place, an Hour, a Scene for Innocence?
Gods!

Why is the Race of Kings, the Lines of Heroes,
With all those mighty Names,
Descent, Nobility, Birthright and Power
Entrusted to the Truth of that frail Sex?
Why did you give our undeserving World
That Image of your own great God-heads, Honor,
And lodge it in that brittle Creature Woman?

Alt. How can you wander in this Mist of Hell?
Can you believe (Perdition) can you think
That I came hither on that black Design?
Behold that Face, and know mistaken King,

He that dares look upon that awful Vertue,
 Must gaze with Eyes pure as translated Saints:
 His Soul an Altar, and each thought an Offering,
 Each Groan a Martyr, and each Sigh a Prayer,
 And every burning Wish a Vestal Fire.
 Whilst sawcy Flesh and Blood, gross brutal Sence,
 Those heavier baser sordid Elements,
 Are beaten to their Earthy Center down,
 And blasted with that dazzling Presence die.

King. Bold Slave, I'll hear no more.

Hope not to walk

Thy Sooty Soul, nor paint thy blackness white.

Alt. Yet hear me King, could my rebellious heart
 But entertain one thought to her Dishonor,
 I'd pluck th' invenom'd Traytor up by th' Roots,
 Burst all the Channels, all the Veins of Life
 Torn up like Conduits in a flaming City,
 To quench my impious and infernal Fire.

King. Oh artful Hypocrite! shall I permit
 Such Impudence to talk and live? Where are you Slaves?

Alt. Gods, that the very best of Men and Kings
 Should cast a Stain on that Imperial Beauty,
 And meanly think that Chrystal Fountain poison'd!

King. Slaves, Traytors!

Alt. Is this the Charge her Guardian Angels keep?
 Or are th' unthinking drowsie Gods asleep?

If this Eclipse on her bright Fame can lie,

Ye Gods, why burn the Tapers of your Skie?

Since Nature's brightest Stamp is thus disgrac'd,

Why are not all her baser Moulds defac'd?

Let all things in one joynt confusion lie;

Mourn Heav'n, end World, and bleeding Nature die.

Leave not one Star of that enammell'd Light,

But shrowd your Heads in everlasting Night.

Instead of all

Those shining Orbs which your Creation crown'd,

May nought but Death in the void space be found;

Goblins and Specters walk th' eternal Round.

King. Where are you Villains, tardy Slaves, where are you?

Enter

Enter Eunuchs.

You dull unfinew'd Vassals: Eunuchs, damn 'em.
 Are these th' Effeminate Guards t' a Ladies Honor?
 Those spiteful Dogs, who when we blot out Man,
 Write Bawd and Pander in revenge. Speak Monsters,
 How got that Traytor Entrance?

Mirvan. Altomar!

My Lord, we know not.

King. No; you were removed:
 The amorous Play admitted no Spectators;
 And t' execute her Honor's tragick Doom,
 The Stage was clear'd for the infernal Scene.
 Go, seize that impious—— *[They seize him.]*

Alt. Take me Slaves,

Art. But one poor Heart, and all these Stabs to break it.

Alt. And now behold your dire Commands obey'd.
 Send me to Death, and Sir, to banish all
 Idea's of Remorse, if the least Service
 Of *Altomar's* whole Life rise to disturb you,
 Stifle the strangled Rebell in its Birth,
 And blot remembrance from your Soul: Now kill me,
 Rend my disjointed Bones, and make each part
 A several Martyr; every scatter'd Limb
 A Stranger to the Branch on which it grew.
 Do this, and all your utmost Rage can frame,
 So you'll be kind, and right her injured Fame.

King. Take him away.

Alt. Yet stay, stay cruel Judge,
 Since I am doom'd to dye, even condemned Murderers
 Have leave to speak before their Execution.

King. Well, you have leave to speak, talk to the Winds.

Alt. If I had been that Villain which you think me,
 And durst attempt to blast her sacred Fame,
 After that Crime what is't I durst not do?
 I might have let that Traytor cut your Throat;
 And when I'd seen you groveling on the Floor,
 Have then step'd out and sav'd my Royal Mistress.
 That done,

He

Her Father dead, her Crown and Heart her own,
 Without Controul I might have seiz'd my Prey;
 Have feared no Rival Emperors, but revell'd
 In her soft Arms, and triumph'd on her Throne.
 All this I might have done were I a Villain:
 But know, mistaken Prince, I've not commanded
 Your Navy, fought your Battels, propt your Throne
 To see my Sovereign die, that Sacred Lord,
 That awful Man that gave my Princess Life,
 Must never die whilst I've a Sword to save him.

Art. Oh Miracle of Vertue!

King. How he tires me!

Alt. Nay, were't to do again, I'd save your Life,
 Tho' the same hour you doom'd my Death,
 And drag'd my Princess to my Rival's Bed,
 I could not see you bleed: I'd meet a hundred Swords,
 And in my King's Defence stand like a Battery,
 To block their Passage to your precious Life;
 And when they'd hew'd me like a shattered Rampart down,
 Each mangled Limb should kiss your Sacred Feet,
 Proud that they'd sav'd the cruel *Albraxiden*:
 For still you're *Artemira's* Royal Father.

King. For these kind words, to take off all Asperision
 Of my Ingratitude, I'll own you've saved
 Our Lives, and in return I give you yours.
Mirvan, your Charge does not extend to Blood,
 Only confine him to a stronger Gaol,
 And send a Bow string to the false *Morat*.

Alt. Oh save the poor *Morat*: If he has sinn'd,
 The Crime was mine, be mine the Punishment.

[*Kneels.*

King. For mine then, and my Daughters Life, I give
 You yours and his; and now you're amply paid.
 Not one word more; for if you speak he dies.
 Now Rebel Daughter, to atone your Sins,
 Assume Obedience for your Sacrifice.
 Prepare to morrow to be *Gayland's* Bride.

Alt. Oh my hard Fate!

Art. Ah Sir, but think, think what dire doom you've giv'n me.
 Could I consent, and at you dread Commands

Give

Give him my Hand without my Heart, and force
 My faltering Tongue to speak the binding Words,
 The very Breath that utters 'em will blast me;
 And the accusing conscious God of Marriage
 Will be so far from aiding at the Ceremony,
 That the very Tapers on the Sacred Altar
 Will strike those deadly Flashes in my Eyes,
 I shall fall blind at his Imperial Feet;
 And when I'm drag'd into that dismal Scene
 The Nuptial Bed, instead of Bridal Blushes,
 He'll find a trembling Wretch beset with Horrors,
 All pale as Death, and ghastly as the Grave.
 Is this a Wife fit for a Monarchs Bosom?
 Or this the Doom of your poor *Artemira*?

King. Leave these vain Tears, fantastick weeping Fool,
 Those Glories I've design'd thee, will dispell
 These Vapors, and un-seal thy blinded Eyes.
 Now if thou'rt honest, (as pray Heav'n thou art)
 Lustre and Fame be thy immortal Prize.
 If not, if thou hast plaid the treacherous Wanton,
 And when I give thee to the Emperor's Arms,
 He finds thee false, thy Virgin Honor lost,
 Thy Hearts rank Blood appease his Wrongs and mine,
 Lie down his Bride, and rise his Sacrifice.

Art. Oh my too rigid Fate! the merciless Souldier
 That flies with Fire and Sword through a storm'd City,
 Is gentler than a Father:
 He tender Hearted Man,
 Melted and pierc'd with ravish'd Virgins Shrieks,
 Strikes his kind Javelin through their throbbing Hearts,
 And ends their pains, their groans, and shame together:
 But this mild Doom would much too gentle be,
 More lingring Torments are reserv'd for me.

King. Away with her, dull Slaves.

Art. Dear *Altomar* farewell.

[*Exeunt King, Artemira, and some of the Attendants.*

Alt.

Alt. Yes angry Pow'rs, my Destiny rides Post;
 I hear the Mandrake groan, and I am lost.
 Eternal Darknes wraps my Soul all o'er,
 And long's his Night whose Sun must rise no more. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

Gayland with Attendants.

Gayl. OH now the Mist is cleared, degenerate Princess!
 Fantastick Beauty, can this fair Apostate
 Doat on an object despicable Slave!
 What is't you call the Vassal?

1. Atten. Altomir.

Gayl. Now could I laugh at that fair Folly Woman:
 No doubt some little Wretch her Smiles have rais'd,
 And pufft the boulder'd Pigmy up with Pride;
 And now he stalks and struts.

1. Att. Great Sir,

Gayl. Did you command his Jaylor
 In our Imperial Name to come before us?

1. Att. Great Sir, he waits without.

Enter Mirvan.

Mirv. I come, Great Sir, to know your high Commands.

Gayl. Art thou the Keeper of this *Altomir*?

Mirv. Yes, Sir, that Princely Mourner is my Charge.

Gayl. That Princely Mourner! Death, the Slave is Elegant,
 Where is that Princely Mourner?

Mirv. Great Sir,

That Chamber is his homely Palace, that
 Course Cabinet enshrines his drooping Glory.

Gayl. His drooping Glory! Eloquent Villain,
 Conduct me to this drooping Glory.

By Jove, I'll face this little daring Bival,
This animated Clod of Earth and Ashes,
And look th' audacious proud Asper dead.

Ser. How Sir!
Will your Imperial Majesty descend
To make a Visit to a Slave in Chains?

Gayl. Yes, I'll be kind, and put him out of Pain. [Exit.

Re-enters, the Scene changed.

But stay—— Retire, I'll talk with him alone:
For should I come thus followed, thus attended,
He'll say I proudly take th' Advantage
Of Crowds and Pomp to brave him. Leave me.

Exeunt Attendants, and Enter Altomar.

Gayl. When I shall tell thee what Imperial Head,
The Terror of the World, and Lord of Kingdoms
These humble Walls inclose. It is a Name
Will make thy chilling Blood shrink to thy Heart.

Alt. Why, what art thou, my haughty noisy Blusterer?

Gayl. Bold Sir, men call me Gayland.

Alt. Gayland! wondrous well; I bid welcome to my friend.

Gayl. Ha! is this all?

Alt. Why Gayland, if Men call you Gayland,

What would you more?

Gayl. Thou unfledg'd Heroe, know,
That conquering Prince to whose triumphant Chariot
Proud Nations, and their Lords in Chains fall prostrate,
Comes here to ask thee with what Insolence——

Alt. Insolence!

Gayl. Yes, with what Insolence thou dar'st look up
To that bright Saint that I vouchsafe to adore?

Alt. Know then,

Thou Conquering Prince to whose Triumphant Chariot
Proud Nations and their Lords in Chains fall prostrate,
To that bright Saint, that Goddes of my Soul,
I dare look up with the same Courage

As she looks down on *Gayland*.

Gayl. Arrogant Slave!

Now by my Imperial Honor,

I could grow angry with this crawling Insect;

And crush the hissing feeble stingle's Worm;

But Kings are Gods, and I will calm my Thunder:

My Lightning is too proud to blast a Shrub.

Alt. Then merciful good natur'd Thunderer,

You use me kindly.

Gayl. Rude Slave!

Alt. Rude King, that dar'st invade my Right,

My *Artemira's* Heart: But know she hates thee;

And had those Nations thou hast vanquish'd been

But half so much invincible, thy Empire

Would not have reach'd so far as does thy Shadow:

Nor had thy Sword e'er won more Ground, than just

Thy Length in Earth, to lay thy Bones in Dust.

Gayl. Patience kind Heav'n, by all the Fires that animate

Those ever-burning Globes, I shall grow mad.

Alt. Mad! How it would please me

To see the Fierce *Numidian* Lion foam,

Tear up the Ground, and lash his angry Sides,

Whilst I, like *Hercules*, in State stand by,

Behold thy Lunatick full Tide swell o'er,

Then smile to hear the Royal Savage roar.

Gayl. Now by my Life, the Soul of Empire

Bold Traytor take——

[Going to stab him.

Where am I going? Gods,

I thank you, I'm once more my Passions Lord;

And Slave, I'll find a nobler way to punish thee:

Attend and listen to thy Doom.

To-morrow I will marry *Artemira*.

Alt. Marry her! thou dar'st not.

Gayl. Sawcy Mortal, dare not!

Yes, and to augment thy Plagues, thou shalt in Chains

Stand by to aid the Ceremony.

Alt. So Sir.

Gayl. In thy right Hand the Bridal Taper hold;

Then to the Temple shalt my Triumphs light,

Alt. Most excellent!

Gayl. And when she takes her highest step
To Glory, know thy bended Neck's her Foot-stool,
Into my Throne she mounts upon thy Head.

Alt. My Head!

Gayl. Thy Head, proud Traytor; and to summ all,
When in her Arms our Worlds great Lord shall lie,
Live to despair, then stab thy self and die.

Alt. Thou marry her! by the All-seeing Gods
That know this Heart, there's something in this Breast
So dear, so great, so far beyond thy Dross,
Thy baser Mould, that I'm as far above thee
In *Artemira's* Eyes, as *Jove* from *Pluto*.

There's something sacred that informs my Soul
I'm so much more a King than thou, that werenot
My shorten'd Talons cut, and my Wings pinion'd,
My Eagle Rage should soar above thy Head,
And strike thee like a croaking Raven dead.

Gayl. Down to thy Grave, profane rude Monster down.

Disarm'd, Oh shame, and by a naked Slave! [Going to stab him.

But thus I'll send the Dog to Cerberus. [Altomar wrests the Dagger out of his Hand.

Alt. Coward, come on.

Gayl. Death and Perdition greet thee. [They fight, Altomar defending himself with the Dagger: Whilst they are fighting, the King and Guards enter; and as they go to part them, Altomar having receiv'd a great many Wounds, he strikes in with the Emperor, and Gayland falls. Guards seize Altomar.

Gayl. My brittle Glass burst by a Vassal's Hand!
My Life and Glories ravish'd by a Slave!
Burn burn your Looms, curst Hags, ye Hell-born Sisters,
If you can twist the Threads of Kings no stronger.

King. Oh my headlong
Ruine! From what a Precipice am I fall'n!
Is this a Daughter's Coronation Day?
My very Crown, my tottering Kingdom

[Dies.

Shakes

Shakes at this Blow ! Does not th' Imperial Army
Of fifty thousand Men lie at my Gates,
A Force too strong for my weak Power to grapple with?
Who in revenge of their dear murder'd Emperor,
Will raze my City, lay my Kingdom waste,
All buried in one heap of Desolation.

Alt. Revenge their Tyrant Emperor!

Yes Sir, I kill'd him, and so kill'd him, that
Th' applauding World must justifie the Blow.

An Emperor! like a mean-spirited Slave

He came, and poorly braved me in my Chains.

Then in the basest most unmanly fury,

He struck his Dagger at my naked Breast;

But from his hand unarm'd I snatch'd the Ponyard,

And in a brave Defence thus stain'd, thus goar'd,

Tript up the Heels of the Gigantick Coward,

And with his weight I made his Grave shake under him.

King. Hold Brutish Impudence, canst thou plead excuse
For this infernal Deed?

Better a thousand low-born Souls like thine

Should float in Shoals through Tides and Seas of Blood,

Than the least Vein of Majesty should bleed,

Or a Crown'd Head but ache.

Alt. A Crown'd Head! so at that rate a Villain

May be an Emperor at his Coronation.

Murder and Hell held up the Canopy,

Whilst Blood and Treason dyed his Royal Purple.

No Voice of Majesty, no Sound of Glory;

But Massacre, Rebellion, Desolation.

King. Silence, this Blasphemy, What profane Breath

Has Treason in Despair? What if his Dagger

Aim'd at thy naked Breast: So angry Gods

Strike impious Men. Does Thunder aim at Thunder?

Or should an injured Monarch play the Dueller?

Thy Pride I'm sure provok'd his sacred Rage,

And 'twas but just thy forfeit Life should pay for't.

Enter

Enter Arcturion and Women.

King. But bold Assassinate, thy impious Fury
Could lift thy Hand against the Life of Majesty.
The best of men thou hast traiterously kill'd,
And like a Traytor thou shalt die.

Alt. A Traytor!

Art. Die! Oh my startled Soul.

Alt. No cruel Lord,

I kill'd him nobly, bravely kill'd him; **King.**
No grappling *Roman* in *Rome's Amphitheater*
Took an encountering Lion by the Throat,
And tore his Heart out with a Rage more manly.

King. Oh Giant Insolence!
But I lose Breath: he dies, and instantly
His Execution, *Arcturion*, be thy Charge.
First publish him a Traytor to the State;
Then build a Scaffold in the open Forum;
A Wrack and Torturers prepared be ready.
T' appease the Blood of this great murder'd Monarch;
By all my Hopes th' Assassinate shall die,
With the same solemn Form of Death, our Law
And Custom dooms a Traytor to our Crown.

Alt. Ah Sir, you ne'er was barbarous till this Hour.
Die for an honorable piece of Justice
Done in my own Defence; and like a Traytor!
Proclaim'd a Traytor! branded and exposed
T' a trayterous publick Shame! My Death I scorn to fear;
But to die infamous is more than dying.
Shame is the only Wound great Souls can feel.

Art. Oh hear me Sir, whilst I have Life to speak:
Look on that Gallant Youth, that Mine of Honor,
Faith, Truth and Love, the very Soul of Angels,
And Model of a God.

Alt. Oh matchless Sweetness!

Art. And must that Throne, that bright Celestial Temple
Be rased by sacrilegious impious Hands.
Inhumane King—— but Oh I can no more

[Faints.
King.]

King. No Traytrefs, thou hast done too much;
Thy Eyes, young Witch, light this dire Conflagration,
And only blaze t' a King and Kingdom Ruine.

Art. Ah my dear Lord——I'm going——unkind heart
To break so soon, and not to stay for *Altomar*. [Swoons.]

Alt. She faints, she faints, that injur'd Beauty dies:
Look up my Star, shine out dear clouded Brightness.
Now King thou'rt more than exquisitely cruel:
For if your Tyranny must break that Heart,
My Wrongs are Pageants to this last dire Blow.

King. Why Villain, let her faint and die, what then?
Sleep on, thou Scandal of my Blood, sleep on
For ever, whilst I never sleep again. *Exit King.*

Alt. Divine sweet Excellence, look up and live:
'Tis thy kind *Altomar* that bids thee live.

Art. From Deaths cold Sleep what voice of Pity wakes me?
Ah my dear Lord, is't you? What a blest Change
Is here? Did not my cruel Father
Fright my poor Soul away with the Ghastly Vision
Of my dear murder'd Lord?

And do I wake in *Altomar's* kind Arms?

Alt. Yes, Royal Sweetness, thy Tyrannick Father,
Though he has decreed thy *Altomar* must die——

Art. Nay then, why were my closing Eyes
Torn open to behold this hated Light,
More terrible than Death's eternal Night?

Alt. Let not the Torrent of thy Sorrow swell
Too high: Thy *Altomar* is not so lost.

He has Glories, Pleasures, Joys; and thy kind Father
Has through his burning Rage some Sparks of Pity:
He has left this Treasure in my dying Arms,
And kindly crowns the Victim e'er it bleeds.

Art. And must you die? I cannot, will not bear it.
Ye angry Gods, if this be the Reward
Of Truth and Love, and unkind Providence
Ordains two faithful Hearts a Fate so dismal,
Poor Love, I fear, has but few Friends in Heav'n.

Alt. Indeed, my sweetest Saint, 'tis very hard,
That I must gaze on those bright Eyes no more.

Grasp thy dear Knees, lie at thy Feet no more,
Till we shall meet agen above the Stars;
A very sad long Journey for a Lover;
But we shall meet agen, and what, tho' 'tis
Beyond the Grave? To win this glorious Prize
The Race can never be too long,
The way too craggy, nor the Goal too far;
No, my best Life, the Stars are not so distant;
Nor are the Battlements of Heav'n too high
To scale for so much Beauty.

Art. Oh my *Allomar*.

How sad a Story shall we leave behind us?
Henceforward when some melancholy Virgin
Looks out a lonely Cell to mourn and die,
She'll read no more the tender mournful Tales
Of raviſht *Philomel*, or bleeding *Lucrece*;
But turning o'er our more unhappy Loves,
Read, till ſhe has ſight her dying Taper out,
And drown'd her Eyes in *Artemira's* Woe.
Oh let me ſigh my Soul into thy Arms,
And powre a flowing Deluge on thy Boſom.

Alt. Beſt of thy Sex, thou ſoſteſt Virgin Sweetneſs,
Who would not die thus mourn'd, thus loved, thus pitied,
With thy kind tender Sighs, and melting Eyes,
Such gentle Showers, and fragrant Gales around him?
When the luxurious *Anthony*
In diſſolved Pearl drank Kingdoms at a Draught,
He lived not with that Pleaſure that I die:
I in this Nectar taſte Eternity.

Enter Achmat and Guards.

Ach. My Lord, I come to make a harſh Divorce.

Art. Oh bloody Tyrant Father!

Alt. Hold, yet ſtay.

A:b. My Lord, our Haſte——

Alt. Black Inſtrument of Hell,
May I not ſtay to take my laſt Farewell?
My only Life, a long and laſt Adieu.

But

But he that goes to die, *sure ought to take*
His leave upon his Knees.
So have I seen

The Beauteous Image of the Queen of Love
Adorn'd with all her Graces, her fair Hand,
Her blushing Cheeks, and murmuring Lips all Sweetness;
And at the Feet of the Celestial Form,
Her humble *Cupid* hanging round her Knees.
Oh Love let me make up that pious Figure.
Low at the Feet of my dear Goddess bow,
And mourn and weep till I'm as blind as thou.

Ach. Sir, our Commission brooks no more delay.

Alt. Merciless Slaves—

Art. My dearest *Altomar*
Farewell; and in thy dying Groans remember
Thy *Artemira* hovers round thy Head.
Like thy best Genius, waits thee to thy Heav'n.
My mounting Soul with thy last breath shall fly,
If I can hold so long before I die.

[*Exit forced out by Achmat.*]

Alt. She's gone.

The Lees and Out-cast of the whole Creation
Are Princes to the wretched *Altomar*.
Gallies and Dungeons hold not such a Slave:
A Slave so lost as *Altomar*.
Now Gentlemen, you whose Commission 'tis
T' attend a dying Martyr to a Stake;
There was a time, my valiant Fellow-Souldiers,
We marcht together in a Cause more glorious.

Morat. Yes, injured Prince there was: when our great General
The Conquering *Altomar* led us to Victory.

Alt. Name it no more: that day is quite forgotten,
My Honor's laid in Dust as I must be:
But now with my last Breath I must conjure you;
Let not my ghastly Fortune fright you from
Your dearest Loyalty. Fight on my Souldiers;
Fight for your Royal Lord; go on till you
Have won him Trophies numberless as Stars,
And Glory dazling as the Sun: And then expect

The brave Reward of all your Noble Toyls;
 For he's a King so just, a King so generous,
 A King so merciful—he can be cruel
 To nothing but to *Altomar*; unkind
 To nought but *Altomar*.

Mirv. How bright a Mind
 Is lodg'd within this clouded Pile of Honor!

Alt. Lead on; yet stay— When you shall see me bleed,
 Tho' thro' a hundred Gates my Life shall fall out,
 Let not my Blood force an unmanly Tear;
 For 'tis a Souldier dies, and Death's our Game;
 And where we have no Stake but Life to lose,
 The Pain's not worth a Sigh: But when you think
 With what an ignominious Doom I fall,
 All blasted with the leprous Name of Traytor,
 That only Torture, Shame, dire killing Shame,
 Then powre your pity through your burning Eyes,
 To think how my poor gasping Honor dies.

Morat. Never was Fate so sad,
 As But Oh my Princess!
 What Plagues, what Hells my black despair would find,
 Were not the charming *Antenra* kind?
 But now, ye Gods, in spite of Tyranny,
 Ingratitude, Death, Tortures, Infamy;
 Tho' all th' Artillery of Fate,
 And all your Thunder level at my Head,
 Fate only can my Earthy Out-works win;
 But she makes Safety, Strength and Peace within.
 Amidst the threatening Storms that round me rowl;
 Love's kind white Flag hangs out to calm my Soul.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Morat meeting Mirvan.

Mor. Mirvan, thy Looks speak Horror; if thou'rt come
From the Imperial Army, and dost bring
Ought terrible give it a Tongue. No Voice
But that of Ruine sure should speak to day.

Mirv. Yes Sir, I come from the Imperial Camp,
To tell you that Distraction and Confusion,
Lie like a brooding Plague around our Walls.
No Mutiny was ever half so loud.

The Souldiers in a hundred different Shapes
Of Outrage crowd about their Generals Tent.
And where the Fury of this Storm will fall,
Whether their Clamors be their pious Rage
For their lost Empror, or a kindling Fire
In Vengeance to his Blood, Heav'n only knows.

Mor. Alas! Those little Horrors are not half
So dismal, as our Tragick Scene within.

Oh *Mirvan*, *Mirvan*, that Illustrious Youth,
The gallant conquering *Altomar*, at whose
Adored dear Name our Nations Genius bows.
He who has propt our sinking Kingdoms Glory
Is basely murder'd, like a Traytor dies,
And by a Death so infamous, so inhumane.

Enter Rosalin.

Ros. Oh never, never was a Sight so horrid.

Mor. Ah Madam, if your Eyes have felt so much
Fly from this Ground; For I am repeating that
Will wound your Ears, and act new Murders there.

Ros. No, kind *Morat*, if thou canst breath that Story
Whose Repetition is enough to kill,

Live thou to tell it whilst I die to hear it.

Mor. What Hearts of Flesh, with Eyes of Sence and Pity
Could stand to see that God-like Martyr stretch
Upon a Wrack, fixt on a publick Scaffold ;
And then behold from all his tortur'd Limbs,
His manly Flesh torn off with burning Pincers.
Oh more than barbarous King : the footy Cyclops,
Who sweating at the Anvil, points the lightning,
And moulds the Bolts of th' angry Thunderer
Ne'er shaped a Mettal for a work so dismal.

Mirv. Oh matchless Cruelty !

Mor. Nor is this all to drown his dying Groans,
The Drums and Trumpets, all those martial Organs,
Which once were tuned to nobler Ayres, when *Altomar*
Fill'd their shrill Throats with sounds of Victory,
Are now employed to ring his Funeral Peal.
Methinks I fancy how in times first Non-age,
The frighted World beheld the dark'ning Moon ;
Then joyn'd with discord dinns of rattling Brass,
Cries, Yells, and Shouts to aid the laboring Planet.
So sing the Dirges of the dying *Altomar*,
No Sounds too harsh for such eclipsing Glory.

Mirv. What could provoke the best of Kings to act
A Deed below the worst of Savages?

Mor. That Canker of Great Souls ; those only Actors
In all great Massacres Fear and Revenge.
He fears the Out-rage of the mutinous Souldiers,
And thinks his threat'ned Kingdom lies at Stake,
And for th' ignoble Cowards Maxim, Safety,
In hopes to mitigate their Rage, he prosecutes
This more than common Vengeance for their King.

Merv. What could the wretched *Altomar* e'er do,
To harden the obdurate Gods against him?

Mor. Why nothing,
Only he loved the Daughter of his King ;
And as that criminal doom'd for robbing Heav'n,
In Tortures like the poor *Prometheus* dies,
For stealing Fire from *Artemira's* Eyes.

Ros. Oh Sir, you leave the saddest part untold :
 'Tis not enough this injur'd Hero dies;
 But to make revenge astonishingly cruel,
 The mourning Princess in more exquisite Torments
 For her forbidden Love to her dear *Altomar*,
 By her own Slaves, her new-made Jaylors haled,
 Stands by to view the Bloody Execution,
 And see her dying Lover's Heart-strings crack.
 The mourning *Niobe* for her slaughter'd Sons,
 Congealed with Horror to a weeping Marble;
 Her griefs were calm to *Artemira's* Woes.

Art. Inhumane, bloody, Savage, Tyrant, Father,
 Oh let me die, Dogs, Slaves, infernal Torturers,
 Lend me a Javelin, Sword, Cords, Daggers, Poyson.
 No Fiend below, no pitying God above;
 Nor one kind Bolt in Heaven to strike me dead?

Alt. Oh stop that Sacred Flood, my Royal Heav'n,
 Weep not for me; for I'm above all pity.
 But some few Minutes more, and I shall mount
 On Angels Wings to that immortal Throne,
 Where dying Lovers Groans are heard no more;
 Nor their warm purple stains the reeking Floor.

Art. Let go your Hold, Tormentors, let me go.
 Oh see proud Slaves, your humble Princess kneels;
 And can she be denied?

[Gets loose.
 [Kneeling.

—Oh my dear murder'd Lord,

Alt. Ah rise, fair royal Angel mourner, rise.

Art. Oh never, never, on my Knees I'll grow,
 Fix and root here, till some relenting God
 Has laid me in thy Grave.

Alt. My better Self,
 These Griefs are kind; but let 'em flow more mildly.
 I feel no pains, but thro' my Princess Heart.

Enter

Enter King and Guards.

King. If you want pains
I'll find 'em for you ; call to your remembrance
Your black Ingratitude to your kind King,
For all the numerous Honors I had given you ;
That glorious Structure my vast Hopes had rais'd
Thou hast at one blast blown up ;
And the only Remnant of my Royal Blood
Thou hast made for ever wretched.

Art. Wretched ! can my *Altomar's*
Dear Love make *Artemira* wretched ! No,
Mistaken King, I've loved so well that know,
To die for *Altomar* has more of Heav'n in't,
Than Ages on the World's Imperial Throne.

King. Take Hence the Syren.
Oh Love, thou unextinguishable Brand
Of Vengeance, take her from his Sight ; be gone.
She from this Minute ne'er shall see him more.

Art. Stay merciless Villains, savage Blood-hounds stay.

Alt. And art thou gone ? [Exit forced out.]
Snatcht from my panting Side ?
Remorseless King, how can you be so cruel
To a poor dying Wretch at his last Gasps,
To tear that Beauty from my bleeding Arm ?
Thro' all the Graves my gaping Wounds can show,
You never stab'd me till this killing Blow.

King. What Sounds are these ? [Trumpets heard.]

Enter Messenger.

Mess. An Envoy from the Army.

[Enter Envoy.]

Env. Great Sir, I come from the Imperial Camp,
To tell you that the mutinous Souldiers, tired
With an Usurper's Yoak, demand a Successor
From the true Royal Line: And by their Threats

And

And Clamors to the General *Abdalla*,
 Have forced him to discover that Prince *Altomar*,
 A noble Youth residing in your Court,
 But Stranger to his own great Quality,
 Is the true Heir to th' Empire of *Morocco*.
 And in th' united Peoples Voice I come
 To call him to a Throne.

King. How Sir! is *Altomar*

The Royal Heir to th' Empire of *Morocco*?

Env. Yes Sir, the Blood of their last murder'd Monarch
Muly Labas runs in his Veins; his true Name
Muly-Mesude; but by a borrow'd Title,
 Preserved an Infant in the Court of *Egypt*,
 T' escape the mortal Rage of the old Bloody Empress.

King. What Words are these?

Env. But all his Injuries
 Are cancell'd in his Coronation day.
 From his long Night, like a gay Bridal Sun,
 He to his new wedded World sets out in Glory.

King. Oh never, never will that morning rise;
 See there that Glorious Sun is set for ever.
 Hasten; take that Sacred Martyr from the Wrack:
 Be quick ye Slaves.

[*They cut him down,
 and set him on a Chair.*]

Env. What have ye done?

King. Yes, Fates, what have I done?

A deed for which the Furies want a Name:
 Martyr'd a Monarch on a Gibbet!
 Damnation shape me such a Deed in Hell.
 In Vengeance to a base Usurper's Blood,
 Like an infatuated Savage *Indian*,
 I've built an Altar to a worship'd Devil,
 And sacrific'd a King & a Rebell's Ghost.

Alt. And was I born an Empire's Heir for this?

King. Oh *Altomar*; most sacred injured Lord,
 What dismal Wrongs does Heaven ordain for thee?
 What Plagues, what Hells for me?

The

The only man of all Heav'n's whole Creation,
That could have made me great, my Daughter blest,
Her Love immortal, and my Name eternal,
I have most barbarously massacred,
The noblest Blood that Royal Veins e'er held,
I have let out to drown the sinking World.

Alt. Ah Sir, did you not name your beauteous Daughter!
For sure methought I felt new Life shoot thro' me.

King. Fly, bring that mourning Sweetness to his Arms;
Tell her her Royal *Altomar's* hard Fate,
And her repenting Father's killing Horrors.

Alt. There's something in that Breath so kind, so wondrous kind,
Had I more Lives to lose I could forgive 'em all.

Enter Artemira.

Art. Oh my dear dying Lord!

Alt. Oh name not dying:

For thou'rt my Bride, and this our Nuptial Day.
And now let Death and Ruine do their worst;
One minute in my *Artemira's* Arms,
Has all the Raptures of Eternity.

Art. Yes, my loved Lord, in spite of Fate, this day's,
At once our Nuptial and our Coronation.

And sure if Love can Crown us in the Stars,
We shall shine there the brightest Pair in Heav'n.

Alt. Oh Love, what is thy Power?

Art. Now cruel Father,
Kill'd by my dear Lord's Wounds, I'll save you all
Th' Expence of Steel or Poyson for my Fall.

King. No live, you best of Lovers, live for ever!
Oh that I could supply from my own Veins
That Blood I've rob'd from thine; from my torn Limbs,
With my own Flesh new cloath thy naked Bones.
Ye Gods, why are your Miracles all ceas'd?
No Art in Heav'n to save his precious Life?

Alt.

Alt. Sir, your untimely Kindness comes too late:

But to acknowledge these last Sparks of Pity,
You Sir, that come t' invite me to a Throne,
Bear back my dying Sighs to my kind Subjects:

[*To the Envoy.*

Tell 'em I have a Brother call'd *Cialto*,
A Souldier in the *Persian* Sophy's Camp.

Let him be call'd to fill my empty Throne.

But let him know e'er the Imperial Diadem

Circles his radiant Brow, that 'tis the last

Request of his expiring Brother, that

The Wrongs of *Altomar* be ne'er remember'd.

No Schriech-owl Fame dare croak my dying Wounds;

But let him cherish this dear Sacred Prince:

For he's the Father to my Royal Bride;

And his kind Hand has given me *Artemira*.

King. Bright Miracle! prodigious Goodness! Gods,
Must so much Worth, and so much Honor die?

Alt. Oh stop your violent Griefs. Alas, great Sir,

I am your Son, we're both your Children now,

And cannot bear our drooping Father's Woe.

Art. Oh cruel Sir, why are you kind too late?

Why was not I my dear Lord's Bride till now?

Why did not your poor *Artemira*

In these dear Arms, these circling Glories shine?

Could nothing but an Empire make him mine?

Oh the ill judging World!

King. Poor injur'd Girl!

Art. Has he more Love, more Charms, more Hearts to give me,

Because he's Heir t' a Crown. Ah no, he was

To me my King, my World, my Heaven before,

And Crowns and Empires could not make him more.

Alt. Oh *Artemira*, take me on thy Breast.

My Royal Saint, what Heavn of Bliss

Should we possess if I had Life to love thee.

But Oh a Cloud o'ercasts my Rising Sun:

Just when my Joys begin, my Life is done.

[*Dies.*

Art. He's gon, he's gon, and do I stay behind?

King. Farewell dear martyr'd Saint;

That parting Sigh that breaks thy Heart stabs mine.

Art. Oh Murder, Ruine, Horror and Despair,
That ghastly Scene of Blood! ——— Blood did I say!
Fye! these are Ruby Bracelets on his Arms,
Those Scarlet Love-Knots my kind Father tied,
To bind two dying bleeding Hearts together.

King. Poor injur'd Innocence, look up and live.

Art. Live cruel Father! love like me and live!
Not to be Empress of a thousand Worlds.
A Love like mine. Oh Father, Love's a God-head ———
Yes a blind God, his Lights all drown'd like mine.
And is he blind indeed! how came he blind?
Say, did he weep his Eyes out for my *Altomar*?
Oh my sick Soul!

King. Speak to thy wretched Father.

Art. Ha! is't my Love that calls me? See
His mounting Chariot hastens me away.
I come my *Altomar*, my Life I come. [Stabs her self.]
Oh see the Gods our Nuptials do prepare.
See *Altomar*, see *Artemira* there.

The Feasting Gods with Bridal Chaplets crown'd,
Whilst to the Poles the jocund Orbs resound,
And all the *Neſſar* of their Heav'n goes round. }
In thy chaste Arms thy glittering Bride enfold:
Her Palace archt with Gemms, and paved with Gold. [Dies.]

King. Was ever wretched Father damn'd as I am?
But I am safe, his dying Breath forgave me.
No, generous Prince, thy Mercy soar'd too high:
Thou mayest forgive thy Murder, but not I. [Stabs himself.]

Mor. Why this rash Deed?

King. No, 'tis a Noble Deed.
Should Guilt and Shame survive when Vertue bleeds?
I'm but the meanest Wretch this Storm has wrack'd.
That pair of faithful Lovers died before me.
When Natures Wealth, all her rich Fraught sinks down,
Surely the Lumber of the World may drown.
Morat, as e'er thou lov'st thy dying King,
See my Bones lodg'd in that wrong'd Prince's Grave;

But

(31)
But let me humbly his blest Relicks meet;
Lay my Head low beneath his Royal Feet.

[Dies.

Mor. See here the dire Effects of unkind Parents;
Our whole World bleeds for their unhappy Loves.
How calm a Stream is Love when unoppos'd :
But stop'd, the impetuous Torrent does o'erturne
Whole sinking Kingdoms, and makes Empires mourn.

[Exeunt Omnes.

The

The *EPILOGUE*, Spoken by Mrs Coysb's
Girl, as a *CUPID*.

Ladies, the Poet knew no better way,
Than to send me to prattle for his Play;
I am y^r Cupid, and you cannot sure
Drive such a small young Beggar from your Door:
Do you be but as kind as you are fair,
And by my Quiver, Bow and Darts, I swear,
The little Tiny God, whose help you want,
Shall hear your Prayers, and all your wishes grant:
The Country Lady shall come up to Town,
And shine in her old Coach, and her new Gown;
The City Wife shall leave her poor Tom Farthing,
And take a harmless Walk to Covent Garden;
Those very Eyes shall still look young and gay,
That Conquer'd on the Coronation-day;
But you, the brighter Beauties of the Court,
You who the World undo, but Stage support,
You shall subdue all Hearts, while I sit still;
I'll break my Bow, and leave your Eyes to kill;
Nay the Court-Star, your Beauties to advance,
Has left her Dazling Sphere to set in France.

· F I N I S .